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CHIPS FROM A BUSY WORKSHOP

LORIN WEBSTER

CHIPS FROM A BUSY WORKSHOP

LORIN WEBSTER

BOSTON
RICHARD G. BADGER
THE GORHAM PRESS

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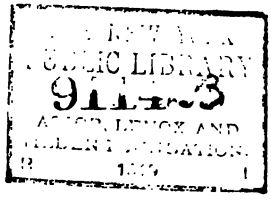

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SONGS OF FREEDOM

A LEAGUE OF NATIONS

O WELCOME a league of the nations,
The only sure warrant of peace,
The crown of the world's expectations,
From war's tribulations release.

It proclaims that all humans are brothers;
That God is the Father of all;
That ours are the interests of others;
That others will hark to our call.

The body, though one, hath its members,
Each serving itself and the whole;
And Junes cannot say to Decembers:
"Men need not the heat of the coal."

Even so with the body of nations;
Each hath its relations to all;
And all must fulfill these relations,
Or civilization will fall.

O MOTHER DEAR, AMERICA

O MOTHER dear, America,
The home of liberty,
To thee we raise a joyful song,
The slogan of the free;
Our fathers fought and bled and died
To stablish here their rights,
And God upon their shoulders struck
The accolade of knights.

And when again they drew their swords,
To free the shackled slave,
They proved that courage had not waned—
That sons, as sires, were brave.
Yes, brothers fought with brothers,
Both for the rights they craved,
But in God's hands decision lay,
And He the Union saved.

Upon our land God's blessing came;
His gifts our homes adorn;
The earth hath yielded her increase,
Our fields stand thick with corn;
For more than two score years and ten
The fruits of Peace we've known,
Save when, at Cuba's need, we dashed
A tyrant from her throne.

And now once more with war's alarms
All people's hearts are thrilled,
For Germany's o'erweening pride
The cup of woe hath filled.
For forty years she hath prepared
To play her warlike game;
Because of her mad, selfish course,
The whole world is aflame.

Never with purer motive hath
A nation gone to war,
Than hath inspired our Government
To validate the law—
The law called international,
Which regulates the acts,
When nation deals with nation, in
Accordance with the facts.

We've sent our boys across the seas
To vindicate the right,
To teach the vandal Germans that
The world's not ruled by might.
They'll rescue valiant Belgium, though
They die on Flanders field;
Unto the Kaiser's dominance
This country will not yield.

We're spending blood and treasured gold
To battle for the right,
To free the whole world from the curse
Of military blight.
We'll form a league of nations, when
This bloody war is o'er—
One flag for all, one sacred bond,
To last for evermore.

A holy, consecrated zeal
Doth now possess our soul;
We ask no compensation, but
We seek one single goal.
That goal is true self-government
For every land on earth,
From out the womb of Liberty
To bring her sons to birth.

AMERICA TO ENGLAND

O MOTHER, dear Mother, the land of our birth,
We are proud of our lineage, thou queen of the earth!
We have strayed from thy roof, we have built a new home,
But we are thy children, wherever we roam.

Though weaned from thy breast, we are bone of thy bone;
Though not of thy Empire, allegiance we own—
Allegiance of kinship, those bonds of the soul
Which bind Anglo-Saxons to strive for one goal.

That goal is true freedom for peoples and nations
To govern themselves—yes, without intimations
That some other country holds sovereignty,
For "consent of the governed" 's the rule of the free.

When this rule was broken and Belgium invaded—
As often before the oppressed thou has aided—
Thou girdedst thy sword and whettedst thy spear,
Without hesitation or guerdon or fear.

With full knightly honor thou 'st entered the fight,
To put down the doctrine that might shall make right;
To quell the proud spirit of German autocracy,
And make the world safe for our common democracy.

We've entered it too, and henceforth to the end,
Americans, British and French shall defend
The rights of the people, held dearer than life,
Despite what it costs, and though bitter the strife.

Thus far in the conflict our help has been wanting,
But without any spirit of boasting or vaunting,
When our boys have been trained and "gone over the top"
The Boches will find we are hard men to stop.

At Ypres and Vimy and Cambrai they have learned
How the Hindenburg line can be broken and turned;
Before sheathing the sword, by the bones of old Merlin,
We will crumple their legions and drive them to Berlin.

And then shall come forth from the womb of Creation
A league of all nations, a World Federation,
Whose blood boughten banner the emblem shall be,
That right shall prevail, that the brave shall be free.

RUSSIA'S RESURRECTION

As breaks the ice on frozen lakes and streams,
When lifted by the force of melting snow
That rushes to the valleys from the hills
And lofty mountains tow'ring far above—
As bursts the sweet arbutus into bloom
Beneath its ermine mantle, when the sun
Hath quickened into life its dormant powers
And warmed its rootlets with his radiant beams—
As when Dame Nature rises from her couch,
At bidding of the tumult in her veins,
And dons her robe of velvet bud and leaf
And stalks majestically o'er the earth—
Yea, e'en as Christ Himself on Easter morn
Threw off the weight that crushed man's highest hopes
And snapped the icy hands of cruel Death
And calmly rose triumphant o'er the grave—
So hath the far-flung, ancient, Slavic realm
Cast off the shackles of autocracy
And burst the galling chains which Russia's Czars
Have riveted for centuries on her feet.
Siberia's frozen plains have felt the glow
Of democratic fires. The seething flood
Of popular control hath burst its bonds
And forced the abdication of the Czar.
This resurrection of the people's right

To rule themselves lays bare its empty tomb,
And hath enfranchised Pole and Finn and Jew
And struck the fetters from each Russian serf.
All hail to Freedom's brightly glowing torch!
Point out to us anew, midst shoal and reef,
The perils of our course and guide us safe
Into the port of happiness and peace!

THE ORIGIN OF WAR

THE doctors tell us, now-a-days,
That all disease is spread by germs;
So this accounts for all the ways
They take to bring disease to terms.

This theory is likewise true
Concerning the disease of war,—
The dread disease that's struck us too,
The nations' curse which all abhor.

The Germans first produced the germ
Which hath inoculated all—
Earth's deadliest bug, and vilest worm—
They hatched it from a cannon ball.

A WAR LAMENT

My Tuesdays and Fridays are meatless,
And all of my breakfasts are wheatless;
My furnace and stove, they are heatless,
  Because of the needs of the war.
My coffee and tea are now sweetless,
And soon will my mattress be sheetless,
My trousers already are seatless—
  The biggest hole you ever saw.

But

American armies are beatless,
Our Allies have proven defeatless,
While Germany's Xmas was greetless,
  Because of her terrible sin.
Our words and our acts are deceitless,
Our treaties shall never be treatless,
The Kaiser's fine shoes shall be feetless,
  For to fight we're about to begin.

BYNGING TO THE RHINE

A Parody

A SOLDIER of the Allies lay a-dying on the sod;
There was lack of woman's nursing and he seemed
bereft of God;
But a comrade knelt beside him, as his life blood
ebbed away,
And bent, with pitying glance, to hear whatever he
might say.

The dying soldier faltered, as he took that com-
rade's hand,
And remarked: "I never more shall see my own,
my native land.
Take a message and a token to the Boches on the
line,
And tell them that the Tommies are a-Bynging to
the Rhine.

If one should bid you mention how we're going to
make such gains,
Just tell him Haig's a-coming with his tanks and
aeroplanes;
That the Yanks and French poilus will soon be
sticking Hunnish swine,
For old General Byng is leading and we're Bynging
to the Rhine."

SONGS OF LOYALTY

NEW HAMPSHIRE

ALL hail, ye people of the Granite State,
In acres small, in manhood's power great!
All hail! ye sturdy sons of noble sires!
Ye daughters fair, whose hearthstones glow with fires
Of patriotic love! Upon the shrine
Of Fatherland no gift excelleth thine.
All hail! brave hearts, and let the welkin ring!
Dear old New Hampshire's paeans let us sing!

Some fain would praise the land of rolling plain,
Shut out from glimpses of the vasty main;
We love the beetling cliffs which daily seek
The lightning's flash upon each craggy peak.
Let others boast their shocks of golden corn,
Which yield them wealth and all their fields adorn;
Our products last beyond earth's widest ken,—
The Old Stone Face proclaims that we raise men.

These men have been among the Nation's great,
Their words have scorned, their deeds have conquered fate.
Whene'er from tyranny their swords could shield,
They've always been the first to take the field.
They've stood for equal rights 'twixt man and man,
They are of those who do because they can.
We find their names upon the scroll of fame,
A place they've won with all the world's acclaim.

Our fathers' God, to Thee we owe our birth
In this fair land, most beautiful of earth.
To God our joyful songs, then, let us sing;
To Him a grateful tribute let us bring.
Long live New Hampshire's great and glorious name!
Secure her place, untouched by taint of shame.
Long live the honor of the Granite State,
Though small in size, renowned among the great!

SONS OF TRINITY

Sons of Trinity, give a rouse
For your Alma Mater dear!
For the lessons she hath taught us
And the good which she hath wrought us
Give a rouse, and a shout, and a cheer!

Chorus—

We're the sons of old Trinity,
The loyal sons of Trinity,
And though our mother is but small,
We love her more than all.
She guides our hands, our hearts, our brains;
Naught doth her love deter,
And our devotion shall be to her
So long as life remains.

"For the Nation and the Church,"
This shall be our charge for aye!
What could be a prouder boast
Than for both to do the most—
Yes, to live, and to love, and to pray?

Chorus

Brothers, let us pledge our love
To the college of our choice!
Let the truth which she imparts
Be engraven on our hearts!
Be we true, each to each, and rejoice!

Chorus

O Mother dear, old Trinity!
To thee a joyful song we'll sing,
A rousing song, a song of cheer,
Come now, and let the welkin ring!
Give a rouse, and a shout that we'll hear!

Chorus

HOLDERNESS SCHOOL SONG

O MOTHER dear, old Holderness,
We greet thee with a cheer!
For thou hast e'er encircled us
Within thine arms most dear.
Upon thy faithful, loving breast,
We lay our burdens down,
And on thy calm, maternal face,
We never find a frown.

Chorus—

O Mother dear, old Holderness,
To thee we raise a joyful song;
Thy love shall e'er embolden us
To be brave men and strong.

Beneath thy peaceful, classic shades,
Amid Dame Nature's charms,
We tread the paths of ancient lore,
Secure from all alarms.
We bring our joys and griefs to thee,
Assured of thy fond love;
Of thee we learn the priceless truths
That win the life above.

Chorus

Upon thy sod, in youthful sports,
We learn the game of life,—
To play it fair, e'en though defeat
Should chance to crown the strife.
We never whimper, if we're beat,
We're made of sterner stuff;
For though we'd choose life's smoothest course,
We're ready for the rough.

Chorus

And when our journey shall be o'er,
Life's fitful conflict past,
And we have reached its farthest bourne,
Found faithful to the last,
It boots not when that hour shall come,—
Be it or near, or far,—
We'll trust the Pilot thou hast shipped,
When we shall cross the bar.

Chorus

HOLDERNESS ALUMNI SONG

ALL hail, all hail, old Holderness!
With loving hearts we meet thee;
Till our parting breath leaves us chill in death,
With a loyal song we'll greet thee.

We come from our homes, leaving babes and wife,
To visit the dear old Mother,
From the din and the strife of a busy life
For a handshake with one another.

We remember the joys of our boyhood past;
We remember the pranks and the "soaking";
But the colors are fast which we nail to the mast,
While the blessing of Heaven invoking.

Let us never forget the traditions of old;
Let us cherish the Mother's training;
For more precious than gold are the truths that she told,
At the goal of true manliness aiming.

Let us go forth to live, let us go forth to die,
Always loving the dear old Mother;
With the Father's eye looking down from the sky,
Let us be unto each a brother.

WACHUSETT SONG

COME, my hearties, give a rouse,
For the Camp we love so well,
For the woodcraft she hath taught us
And the good times she hath brought us,
Give a rouse, and a shout and a yell.

Chorus—

We're the braves of Camp Wachusett;
Be sure you don't confuse it;
Our camping place is Lake Asquam,
Our welcome there is warm.
She guides our hands, our hearts, our brains,
Strong health doth she confer,
And our devotion shall be to her
So long as life remains.

C-a-m-p W-a-c-h-u-s-e-t-t
This is how we spell the name
And our cheeks would burn with shame
Should we not, with true heart, do our part.

Chorus

Brothers, let us pledge our love
To our chief and to each brave;
Let the welkin ring with praises
Of Wachusett's woodland mazes;
Be we true, each to each, to the grave.

Chorus

WACHUSETT

On the shores of Little Asquam,
'Neath the brow of Shepard Hill,
There's a spot, as if created
By our Lord's almighty will.
Time has changed the stately forests
'Round this little lake so grand,
Yet this spot retains its beauty
Fashioned only by His hand.

Chief Wachusett, long remembered,
With his warriors so bold
Hunted o'er these lakes and forests,
That's the legend we've been told.
But today the silent forest
O'er a region deep and vast
Opens up its secret mazes,
For the red man's day is passed.

Glory be to Old Wachusett
And the camp which bears his name.
May our camp-mates in Wachusett
Sometime stand in Halls of Fame.
When old age shall come upon them
And a backward look they take,
Let them think of Camp Wachusett
On the Little Asquam Lake.

UPON GIBRALTAR'S SHORES

As Eden was the type of Paradise,
And Isaac's gift of Jesus' sacrifice;
As David's home, Jerusalem of old,
Prefigured that with streets of shining gold,
E'en so Gibraltar, Erie's rock-bound isle,
On which God's blessing bides and angels smile,
A haven where so many have found rest,
When worn by toil, or when by care opprest,
Foreshadowing heaven, home of God's elect,
That blissful home which eager hearts expect,—
And if the charm of heaven this shall be,
To praise our God throughout eternity,
To know our Saviour, e'en as we are known,
To worship Him around the great white throne,
To feel temptation's power nevermore,
From height to height in friendship's love to soar,
To raise with angels and with men a song,
Which shall inspire and move the heavenly throng—
If this it be, we've had a foretaste here
Upon Gibraltar's shores, with friends so dear.

A ROOSEVELT CAMPAIGN SONG

WHEN, two score years and ten ago,
Our land was scourged with war,
God raised a man from humble life,
Who with keen vision saw.
So now in time of Boss and Trust,
In well-nigh greater need,
God hath raised up a champion
To fight the hosts of greed.

Refrain—

O valiant son of Grand Old Abe,
Who stand'st for rights of man and babe,
Strike off the chains from Labor's hand
And give true freedom to our land.

As Lincoln stood for equal rights
For blacks and whites and all,
And viewed with eyes undimmed by fear
The conflict's darkling pall,
So "Teddy" wills for all alike
An entrance through the door
Of Equal Opportunity
For all—the rich and poor.

Refrain

And as our martyred Abraham
  Preserved the Government,
Not for the few—the rich, the great,
  To whom God's gifts are lent,—
But of the whole, and by the whole,
  And for the whole—for all—
So by this blood-bought principle
  Our "Teddy" 'll stand or fall.

Final Refrain—

Not for the Part, but for the Whole!
Be this the slogan in our fight.
Let him who wins the distant goal
Contend for Justice and the Right!

SACRED SONGS

A PRAYER

O MY heavenly Father, hear me
For the son vouchsafed to me;
Thine he is, for Thou hast made him,
Only mine in trust from Thee.
In the hour of strong temptation,
Let his feet go not astray;
And when Satan's wiles assail him,
Keep him in the narrow way.

When he hungers on his journey,
Feed him with the bread of life;
Smite the rock of living waters,
When he thirsts in weary strife.
If the way be long and dreary,
If its pitfalls be unknown,
Guard him, guide him, keep him, save him,
With the blest around Thy throne.

May he come to love Thee, Father,
Even more than he loves me;
May he serve with knightly service
All who know adversity.
Taking Jesus for his Pattern,
Scorning sin and base renown,
May he follow in His footsteps,
Earn His praise, and win His crown.

A LITANY TO THE HOLY SPIRIT

WHEN the form my arms enclose
In God's acre lies;
When its spirit upward goes,
Soaring to the skies;
When no human friendship knows
How to comfort sorrow's throes,
  Holy Spirit, comfort me!

When these lips no longer speak
Messages of love,
When in Paradise they seek
Fellowship above;
When my Dothie, gentle, meek,
Leaves me desolate and weak,
  Holy Spirit, strengthen me.

When these hands so fondly pressed
To my throbbing heart,
Shall be folded on a breast
Whence no pulses start;
When my darling's with the blest,
But I'm left in sore unrest,
  Holy Spirit, quiet me!

When beside her grave I must
Hear the gravel fall—
"Earth to earth, dust to dust"
Rattling on her pall—
When by this last, deepest thrust
I'm bereft of all my trust,
  Holy Spirit, 'lighten me.

OUR FATHERS' GOD

Our fathers' God, to Thee we lift our hearts
In gratitude for all Thy grace imparts.
We praise and bless Thee for Thy love bestowed
Upon this nation and our blest abode.

Thy hand thus far hath steered our Ship of State
O'er seas tempestuous and through billows great,
With Thee our Pilot, and with compass true,
Mid storm and peril we shall weather through.

May Christ's religion be our beacon light,
To guide us on our course in paths of right.
Nor winds, nor waves, nor violence we fear,
If Thou our fathers' God, and ours, art near.

And when we reach the port of righteousness,
A harbor safe for all who Thee confess,
Our thankful hearts again we'll lift to Thee,
Our God through time and through eternity.

A MARRIAGE PRAYER

SAVIOUR dear, who wast a Guest
At a marriage-feast,
Let our wedding day be blest;
Be our love increased.

In our journey to life's end,
Which begins to-day,
Be Thou near us to befriend;
Be Thyself the Way.

Whether skies are clear and bright,
Whether storms bring ruth,
Should the mists obscure our sight,
Be to us the Truth.

When we come to life's far bourne,
Spent with toil and strife,
Let us then to Thee return;
Be to us the Life.

In God's Paradise above
May we still be one;
And in us, redeemed by Love,
Let Thy will be done.

Yea, dear Lord, be Thou our Way,
Be Thou our Truth, our Life,
May we be each the other's stay,
True husband and true wife.

TRUE RELIGION

In what doth true religion lie—
Pure, undefiled, sincere?
Doth it consist in saying prayers,
In making Scripture clear?

Or doth it mean that one must have
A faith so blind, forsooth,
That what seems unmixed foolishness
Must be acknowledged truth?

Or, once again, must every man
Who wears Religion's dress
Bow down before a Priest or Pope
And all his sins confess?

Doth it consist in outward form,
Liturgical or not?
Or in attendance at God's House
Wherein His grace is sought?

Not so read I the Saviour's words,
Or find it in His life.
But, rather, love to God and man;
'Gainst sin eternal strife.

A helping hand held out to save
A sinner in distress;
Kind acts of mercy to the poor,—
These will the dear Lord bless.

A pension to the fatherless,
A cup of water given,
The bearing of another's woes,—
This gains Religion's heaven.

ALL SAINTS

WHAT is a saint, and who the man
  Or woman rightly called a saint?
Is't he or she who justly can
  Be thought to live without sin's taint?

How was't in Apostolic days?
  Saint Peter thrice his Lord denied,
And in temptation's fiercest blaze—
  We blush to say it, but—he lied.

And e'en that glorious saint of old,
  Who fought the fight and kept the faith,
The great Saint Paul, with heart of gold,
  This of himself he truly say'th:

"Of sinners all I am the chief;
  The Gospel I'm unfit to preach,
Because, in sin of unbelief,
  Our gracious God I did beseech

To pour the vials of His wrath
  On all who called on Jesus' name.
A castaway! I fear He hath
  Condemned me to a death of shame."

No man a sinless life can lead;
  And if we say we have no sin,
We cheat ourselves; the truth, indeed,
  Is not in us,—hath never been.

But if we shall our sins confess,
  Our heavenly Father will forgive,
And cleanse us from unrighteousness,
  That we may strive Christ's life to live.

A saint is, therefore, one who strives,
  With God's good grace, and all his might,
To make his own and others' lives
  Like unto Christ's, and do the right.

On All Saints' Day we keep the feast
  Of all whose work on earth is done,—
Some great, some small, and some the least
  Of those whose victory is won.

And some we've known and loved on earth—
  Our dearest and our saintliest.
God grant this boon of priceless worth,
  That we with them at last may rest.

THE VIRGIN'S LULLABY

SLEEP, my Baby, mother's Boy!
When Thou cam'st to earth,
Shepherds sang with holy joy,
Angels hailed Thy birth.
Son of God, though born to me!
King of Kings and Lord of all,
Hear, O hear Thy mother's call.

While the stars still silence keep,
Hushed in awesome quest,
Sleep, my blessed Baby, sleep
On Thy mother's breast,
Thou their Maker art, and mine!
King of Kings and Lord of all,
Hear, O hear Thy mother's call.

Thou wast born mankind to save;
Thou must bear the cross;
For the pardon sinners crave
Thou must suffer loss.
Thou, my Child, my Saviour art!
Therefore, hear Thy mother's cry;
Hear my solemn lullaby.

GETHSEMANE

THY will, not mine, O God, be done!
The scene is dark Gethsemane,
The actors are the Holy One,
And Death, His cruel Enemy.

The words ascend to God's high throne,
The prayer is heard, the Scripture saith;
But yet the Sufferer, alone,
Alone! is left to conquer Death.

What was the answer to that prayer?
For Holy Scripture speaketh truth—
Not freedom from His cross to bear,
But *ghostly strength to bear,* in sooth.

E'en thus, dear friend, let us not hope,
In answer to our joinéd prayers,
For more than ghostly strength to cope
With earth's deep sorrows, hardships, cares.

But let our joint petition be,
At morn, at noon, at dewy eve,
"O Holy Spirit, strengthen me!
On Thee I trust, to Thee I cleave."

THE INNER LIFE

And have we, then, an inner life
Which lives although unseen,
And sometimes makes our outward life
Appear so small and mean?
And is it this, when all alone,
Which sometimes seems to speak
And bids us struggle for the right
And scorn the bad, the weak?

And is this what we call the soul?
And has each one the same?
The same, but some so scarred and warped
It scarce deserves the name.
Of each this is the better part
Intended to uplift,
To raise the man above the brute,
Was this most wondrous gift.

If this, then, is the better part,
A gift from God in heaven,
Should not a better larger share
Of watchful care be given?
Why should the case which holds the soul
This human, crumbling shell,
Be taught and tended so much more
Than for the soul is well?

How strange to toil unceasingly
To store and fill the head,
And still allow this inner life,
The soul's, to go unfed!
How strange to prize the jewel box
More than the gem therein!
It seems to me that such a one
The Giver's scorn must win.

When He, the Giver of all good,
Shall ask us in that day
How we have used the precious gift
We've worse than thrown away,
'Twill be with sad and downcast look
His garment's hem we'll touch,
"Forgotten was the jewel, Lord,
We prized the case so much."

THE WEB OF LIFE

THE WEB OF LIFE

SAY not that in life's flow and ebb
  Your brother needs not your behoof;
For in this wondrous human web,
  Through his life's warp runs your life's woof.

And if it's good, or if it's bad,
  Both you and he are in the loom,
For fair or foul, for sad or glad;
  You both will share a common tomb.

God is the Weaver, and His hand
  Controls the shuttle—slow or fast;
Ours but to take a helper's stand
  And shield our brothers from each blast.

LIFE

WHAT is life? A bridge that ever
Bears God's creatures o'er a river,—
One a taker, one a giver.

A beginning but no ending
Hath our life. 'Tis only spending
Time's brief span—keeping or lending.

What is life? A mere beginning!
At her wheel sits Clotho, spinning
Golden threads well worth the winning.

Lachesis, with fitful fever,
Plies the threads—a cunning weaver—
For Atropos' shears to sever.

What is life? O cease complaining!
Fame and Fortune e'er disdaining,
Let us cleave to Love remaining!

IMPERISHABLE

WHILE digging near the base of Lafayette,
Which lifts its towering crest to open skies
By day, and veils its head, when sun is set,
With fleecy folds of cloud-spun draperies,

Some workmen found, imbedded in the clay,
An ancient pine, whose giant form had lain
For centuries in mouldering decay—
Swept from its place by mighty floods of rain.

Now when they struck their axes to its heart,
A breath of wondrous sweetness floated round,
And, rending then the trunk and limbs apart,
A store of honey pure and fresh they found.

No one can say what time that tree had grown,
Or when it fell, or when those busy bees,
Of long ago, from flower to flower had flown,
To store their sweetness in the hearts of trees;

But this we know—that though our bodies die,
And like that tree, shall crumble in decay,
And then, as dust, from age to age shall lie,
Until, or near or far, the Judgment Day,—

The sweetness we have stored within our lives
By deeds of love to one another shown,
Shall, when that dread or welcome day arrives,
Be found by God, and by all men be known.

E'en thus the sweetness of young Rees' life,
As we have seen it stored from day to day,
In trivial round of common task, and strife
With things ignoble, shall not pass away.

His unfeigned scorn of what was mean and base,
His trust, his knightliness, his purity,
No change of time or scene shall e'er erase
From mem'ry's book. They have security.

And when, in future years, our boys shall scan
The records of the past, for good or bad,
The log will show no name of boy or man
To overmatch our stainless sailor lad.

WHEN I AM DEAD

I DO not want a gaping crowd
To come with lamentations loud,
When life has fled.
Nor would I have my words or ways
Rehearsed, perhaps, with tardy praise,
When I am dead.

I do not want strange, curious eyes
To scan my face when still it lies,
In silence dread.
Nor do I want them, if they would,
To tell my deeds were ill or good
When I am dead.

I only want the very few
Who stood through good and evil too—
True friendship's test—
Just those who sought to find the good,
And then, as only true friends could,
Forgave the rest,

Those who with sympathetic heart,
Sought hope and comfort to impart,
When there was life;
Not keeping all the tears and sighs
Till weary worn-out nature dies
And ends the strife.

I'd have them come—the friendly few—
And drop, perhaps, a tear or two,
By kindness led;
Not many tears I'd have them shed,
Nor do I want much sung or said,
When I am dead.

To have them each come in alone,
And call me in the old sweet tone,
Would suit me best;
And then, without a sob or moan,
Go softly out and leave alone
The dead to rest.

Just as I've lived, and as I've grown
From seed in youth and boyhood sown,
So let me die;
Just one who lived and worked and died.
Let cross of stone and naught beside
Mark where I lie.

NOVEMBER

'Tis harvest time! Spring's promise is fulfilled;
The bud is fruit; we reap where once we tilled.

THE HEART'S SECRET CHAMBER

FAR down in the heart's secret chamber,
Hidden deep from the gaze of all mortals,
Where a sentinel true guards the portals,
  Nor gives up the trust in his care,
Is the fount of each purest emotion,
The spring of all holy devotion,
And whence, from this secret chamber,
  Come the first low breathings of prayer.

Deep down in the heart's secret chamber,
For victory many have striven,
When storms of temptation have driven
  Their tired souls nigh to despair.
'Tis there, unseen by all mortals,
The sentinel lets through the portals
Of this the heart's secret chamber
  The breathings of soul-saving prayer.

The inmate of this secret chamber
Bids kindly emotions grow stronger,
While envy and hate tarry longer—
  Outside: there's no room for them there,
Where the sentinel, Conscience, attending,
Never wearies, but ever defending
The portals of this secret chamber,
  Emits only breathings of prayer.

ONLY A DREAM

'Twas only a dream, I know,
Like fancies that come and go:
Only a dream, and yet, some way,
It has been in my mind all through the day,
And I cherish it, although reason say
That it was only a dream.

'Twas only a dream, and yet
I do not, I cannot forget.
Only a dream, and still its power
Is with me in every waking hour,
Like the sweet perfume of a flower,
E'en though 'twas but a dream.

'Twas only a dream, but then,
It comes again and again,
Only a foolish dream, 'tis true.
So unlike all I ever knew—
Why, no: I don't mind telling you,
'Twas nothing but a dream.

I saw a beautiful face,
A form of quiet grace,
And eyes—I'm powerless e'en to tell
The wondrous magic of their spell;
I felt—but then—ah, me! ah, well!
'Twas nothing but a dream.

And the voice—but here I'm powerless too;
I cannot impart its tones to you;
'Tis enough that they were low and sweet,
Breathing words I'll not repeat,
To a heart with gladness quite replete—
But then, 'twas only a dream.

Only a dream, yet of my heart
It has become a living part.
How strange that a dream should linger so!
But its joys I could, nor would forego,
E'en though as now, I shall ever know
'Twas nothing but a dream.

ODE TO THE WIND

O THOU shapeless, sightless thing,
Voice of God, and angels' slave,
Tell me where thou'rt journeying—
Towards a birth, or o'er some grave?

Bring'st thou tidings good or ill?
Means thy message joy or woe?
Com'st thou placid, calm and still,
Or with raging cyclone's throe?

Softly com'st thou through the trees,
From yon mountain's snowy crest,
Or with welcome, cooling breeze
Fresh from Ocean's heaving breast?

Only last night thou didst roar,
With Titanic fury fraught,
Hurling huge ships o'er and o'er,
Rending mast and sail as naught.

And this morning, on the strand,
See thy victims stiff and cold,
E'en because o'er sea and land
Thou'rt a murderer of old.

Rushing through yon ancient fane
In its ruins now thou blow'st,
Waking echoes once again,
Waking e'en, perchance, a ghost.

On thou sweep'st from pole to pole
Whirling clouds in chariot trains,
Forward, backward to their goal,
Drenching men with snows and rains.

FRIENDSHIP

Not long ago a rose-bud chanced to roll
From off a lady's bosom to the ground.
Unwittingly she crushed it 'neath her sole,
And soon a cloud of fragrance floated round.

Now as the floweret, rudely torn and bruised,
Gave forth its richest perfume in its death;
E'en so the love of friendship, though misused,
Doth yield its fullest store with its last breath.

But yet, in part, the simile is wrong,
For, unlike flowers, true friendship never dies.
Eternal life doth unto it belong;
It roots on earth—it blooms beyond the skies.

TRUE ECONOMY

OFTTIMES men shrink, from lack of larger means
Than seem to them consistent with their aims,
From vent'ring where their inclination leans—
From doing what would glorify their names.

. . . . . .

One wintry day a lady chanced to need
A fire lighted in an open grate
That lacked all kinds of dry and fiery seed,
Though andirons, black with flames insatiate,
Upheld large sticks of wood.
Yet, having not what every one requires,—
Some shavings, tinder, or some kindling stuff,—
For starting e'en the most prosaic fires,
She sweetly smiled and said she had enough
To make her purpose good.

So plucking off a tiny piece of bark,
That scarce would fill a thimble to the brim,
In this she quickly caught a glowing spark,
Which soon was flaming like fierce Ilderim
Among the turbaned Turks.
Then piling o'er the now fast ebbing flame
Some splinters snatched from off a piece of oak,
The cheery blaze soon spread into the same;
And giving every stick a skilful poke,
With several clever quirks,

She had accomplished what she undertook
With insufficient means. The fire roared,
And gave the room a cozy, cheerful look;
The curling smoke above the chimney soared,
Like incense from the hearth.

. . . . . .

Now as she used such means as were at hand
With good result, however poor and scant,
E'en so may all, whose work is nobly planned,
Complete that work by wills of adamant,—
By walking in one path.

Boys often think the hills of life too steep
For unshod feet to climb; its seas too rough
To venture forth upon the stormy deep.
Let them be daunted not by stern rebuff,
But only *forward* plod.
Men, likewise, sometimes say the heights of heaven
Cannot by them be scaled. They only need
The faith all souls possess,—to cast the leaven
Of wickedness away, to gain their meed,
The righteousness of God.

LOVE LYRICS

TO J. J. W.

To make thine hours a joy
And all thy days be bright,
I fain would all my powers employ
And turn my day to night.

That ne'er a tear might flow
From out thy glistening eyes;
I would great happiness forego—
'Twould be my chief emprise.

No cloud thy brow should shade,
If I could have my prayer,
On me let carking cares be laid!
For thee joy everywhere!

For thou art more than life,
Ay, more than hope of heaven,
For thou art heaven itself, O wife,
Who hast to me been given.

WORTHLESS RESOLUTIONS

WHEN the clover was in blossom
Throwing sweetness on the air,
When the shimmering rays of sunlight
Caught the gold threads of your hair,
Then I felt my heart go from me,
Go at once beyond recall;
The heart I'd long refused to give,
Now your beauty held in thrall.

Quickly vanished from my mind
The remembrance of the vow
That I would never yield to love,
Nor to woman's beauty bow.
Oh, our worthless resolutions!
Just the sunlight in your hair
Brought to you a willing slave
Happy to be kneeling there.

NOTHING TO ME

NOTHING to me, and yet so much,
Aye! more than all the world beside;
Everything—all—yet the gulf between
Is deep as the world is wide.

Nothing to me—so the world would say—
Would that I could say it too!
Nothing can bridge the deep, dark gulf,
For I'm less than nothing to you.

Nothing to me, and yet so much!
Forgotten now is all my pride,
I own you are much—aye, more to me
Than the gulf is deep or wide.

Nothing to me,—ah, no, not that;
'Twere better far if that were true.
'Tis not that you are nothing to me;
'Tis I that am nothing to you.

I AM A KING

I AM a King! You do not see my throne?
Ah, no! But it is firmly set
Within an empire all my very own,
And hath a regal coronet.

And when was I enthroned? Long years have fled:
My Love, a wee, sweet, modest thing,
Then strained me to her breast, and fondly said:
"Thou reignest o'er my heart, my King!"

MY QUEEN

I AM a Queen! You do not see my throne?
Ah, no! But it is set
Within an empire all my very own,
And hath a coronet.

And when was I enthroned? Twelve years have fled—
The noblest man I've seen
Then strained me to his breast, and fondly said:
"My Queen! Thou art my Queen."

THY KNIGHT

In days of yore, a knight swore fealty
To one, his lady-love, and wore her scarf
Upon his shield, her colors o'er his heart,
And then fared forth to knightly service in her name,
To win her cause, or die in the attempt,—
E'en thus have I sworn fealty to thee,
My darling wife; thy battles would I fight;
Thy service, dear, shall be my chief emprise,—
Thy colors o'er my breast, and on my lips
The subtle fragrance of thy last caress,
While in my heart the thought of thy great love
Shall nerve my soul to deeds of puissant men.

AMOR OMNIA VINCIT

As when, of old, the weary vigil o'er,—
The whole night spent in solemn prayer to God,—
The candidate for knighthood rose from off
His knees, and, facing towards the altar, stood,
Awaiting there his gracious king or queen,
To sprinkle holy water on his brow,
And, after, smite his bended shoulder with
The accolade, and dub him proud Sir Knight:
So, many years ago, one bright fresh morn,
A lady fair and sweet baptized my brow
With holy kiss and, after, laid her hand
Upon my shoulder, with the solemn words:
"Thou art my knight." And I, with heart aflame,
And thrilling with the contact of her lips,
And humbled by the thought of her great trust,
Went forth to knightly service in her name,
Two hearts upon my crest, and on my shield
The legend "Amor omnia vincit," and,
Engraven on the tablets of my heart,
That peerless name—my well-loved Josephine.

"YES" OR "NO"

If maidens only knew the woe
That comes from saying, "Yes," or, "No,"
Their debts of honor would be small
Or they'd not philopene at all.

Those little words,—how much they mean
Of gladness great or sorrow keen!
How oft the horoscope of fate
Reveals a "Yes" or "No" too late!

The welcome "Yes"—how soon it brings
The rapturous kiss, engagement rings,
The orange buds, the bridal veil,
The vested priest, the altar rail.

The whispered vows, the plighted troth,
The wedding into one of both—
The solemn ecstasy of bliss
That thrills throughout the wife's first kiss.

Alas for her whose shrinking "No"
Brings to the cheek no freshening glow!
Her answer, be she ne'er so good,
Proclaims a life of maidenhood.

UNDYING LOVE

WHEN the sun shall cease its light,
And the moon not shine at night;
When the twinkling stars grow old
And Earth's mysteries unfold,—
Not till then shall we forget.

While the rain falls from the sky;
While God's mercy reigns on high;
While the hours make the day;
While men toil and women pray,—
Dearest, I shall love thee yet.

TO FRIENDS

DEAR friends, a score and seven brief years have fled,
Since ye in love the mystic union sought,
Which God proclaimed in Eden's paradise,
Exhorting man his parents e'en to leave
And cleave unto his wife in wedlock fast,
Whereby, though twain, they should one flesh become.

Through all these years two hearts that beat as one,
United by those bonds that can not break,—
Love's fetters, forged by God Himself in Heaven,—
Two souls that daily grew to be but one,
Have animated bodies twain, yet joined
In one by virtue of Divine command.

Life's fruit ye twice have plucked, and thus have known
The names of Father, Mother,—sacred names
That tell of joy excelled by that alone
Which centres in those others—Husband, Wife.
Your eldest was a son of gentle ways,
Your next a daughter, born with rarest gifts,—
A daughter unto you, and unto me
As dear as if she were of closest kin.

Our loving Father hath been merciful,
And hath not yet allowed Death's messenger
To pass the threshold of your happy home,
Although, perchance, this year he's hovered near;
Nor hath much sickness sapped your pristine strength,
Unnerved your arms and rendered null and void
The labors of your hands. Your neighbors grant
To you the meed of well deserved respect
For sterling worth, and those who look behind
The chaffy husk of externality
Behold in you a spirit free from guile,
And sanctified by knowing Truth Divine.

May many years be yet vouchsafed to you
Of powers mellowed, not impaired by age;
And when your sheaves of grain are fully ripe,
May they be garnered in the Harvest Home
Of Paradise, with children's children then
To rise and call you blessed.

TRUE LOVE

TELL me where true love is bred,—
In the heart or in the head?
How begotten, how conceived?
How brought forth and how believed?

Is it subject to the will?
Must we struggle, or be still,
When our hearts are in its thrall,
When in captive chains we fall?

Whence its sceptre, whence its power?
Whence its welcome, without dower?
Why do we its empire own?
Why this sovereign enthrone?

Is true love a deathless thing?
Or serve we an ephemeral king?
Can we our beloved forget?
Can the sun of love e'er set?

Love's begot by God's own parts
In the womb of human hearts;
Born of opportunity
In some *one* itself to see.

Neither conscience nor the will
Can its throbbing pulses still;
Once subjected to its sway,
Man's a prisoner for aye.

Though he beg for quick release,
Though for war he asketh peace,
Never will this tyrant yield,
Stack his arms, desert the field.

God hath immortality;
So true love no death shall see.
Love is God, for "God is love,"
Heaven and earth its power doth move.

THE MAID OF PENACOOK

O LITTLE town of Penacook
That lies far from the sea,
Within thy tribe, as I'll describe,
Thou hast one dear to me.
Thy people were red Indians
Who seldom tilled the soil,
But now there is a charming miss
For whom I'd delve and toil.

As honor rare was once bestowed
On Bethlehem of old,
So even now upon thy brow
Rest diadems of gold.
For as that city entertained
The Mother of the Lord,
Upon this maid, so unafraid,
The Lord's own grace is poured.

She hath a face so beautiful
That angels stop their flight,
And humbly gaze in mute amaze
On such a wondrous sight.
Upon her head there rests a crown
Of lustrous, dark-brown hair,
While, like a star which gleams afar,
Her eyes flash love-light rare.

The blush upon her radiant cheek
Would put a rose to shame,
And from her lips her lover sips
A draught too sweet to name.
Her willowy form is tall and lithe,
With gently moulded curves,
But all its grace no pen can trace,
Nor tell how't thrills the nerves.

O little town of Penacook
That lies far from the sea,
The better part of a fond heart
Is dwelling now in thee.
Then guard this maid, I humbly pray,
No harm let her incur,
While mortals sleep, may angels keep
A loving watch o'er her.

A SONG WITHOUT WORDS

THE sweetest song that e'er was heard
Has sounded in our ears,
Sweeter than song of any bird
To calm its fledglings' fears.

And yet the song has had no words;
'Twas not for ears, but eyes,
A song of deeds, as when one girds
His loins for great emprise.

Just as the knight, in feudal times
Wrote, not with pen, but sword,
So — — sings not notes, nor rhymes
Of her so much adored,

And—sings the same sweet song,
In silent melody,
Which stirs the hosts of Mem'ry's throng
With heartfelt sympathy.

It is the sweet, old song of love,
That's old, but always new,
When human hearts, like God's above,
Are drenched with Eden's dew.

TO BERTHA

An Acrostic

BETTER than silver, better than gold,
Ever to have and ever to hold,
Reigneth a queen in this heart of mine;
Tender her sympathy, sweet are her charms,
Happy her smile as she lies in my arms,
All this is true of my dear Valentine.

A PHANTASY

LAST night, at midnight, while I slept,
And in a dream my love I saw,
An angel down from heaven swept,
And filled my soul with sacred awe.

"Why, why," I asked, "dost thou draw near?
Art thou prepared to bear away
One of God's children, from this sphere,
Into the Everlasting Day?

And is it now my turn to go?"
I could not check a rising sigh,
For love was forcing me to know
How hard a thing 'twould be to die.

"I come," replied the child of light,
"To change thy joyous dream's pure course,
And show thee, in the calm of night,
How love may yield to passion's force."

With that I felt her presence near,
Whose love such radiance had shed
O'er my poor life as made it dear!
My darling stood beside my bed.

Her white arms round my neck she threw;
Her tender lips to mine she pressed;
While the night breezes gently blew
Her golden locks around my breast.

"Sweetheart," I whispered, "where in this,
Or in that brighter world above,
Is there such ecstasy of bliss
As we have tasted in our love?"

Alas! these words were scarcely said,
When a man's image crossed my sight,
In whose ill-omened face I read
The history of her life's blight!

This phantom stopped and gazed on her,
Then, gazing still, it passed away;
It did not speak; it did not stir;
But scared her more than words can say!

For soon an anxious, troubled look
Usurped her former smile serene!
And then, O God! she me forsook,
To follow him whom she had seen.

Whom soon I saw her overtake,
While fascinated by his eye,
As Eve once yielded to the snake,
And ate the fruit that made her die.

Soon, she was walking by his side!
Soon, listening to his false love's tale,
Which he avowed, the evil-eyed!
By turns becoming flushed and pale!

And soon his passionate address
Had set her pulses all aglow!
Then he received her sweet caress
Which, once, 'twas mine alone to know.

And then, O cruel shame and grief!
My rose from its frail stem he tore,
And, after soiling every leaf,
Cast it away to gather more!

It lay there, crushed and soiled with dust;
But now no more I wished it mine,
For now I felt a deep disgust
For what before had seemed divine.

Yet in my heart there lingered still
A sense of loss—an aching void—
The which I had no power to fill,
Because with shame 'twas now alloyed.

There, by my side, the angel stood,
The same as when he first appeared,
Save on his white wings streaks of blood
Gave him a semblance almost weird.

In grief I cried, "O spirit, speak,
And tell me what this dream may mean.
In agony of heart I seek
To understand what I have seen."

Then, so intense I felt my pain,
That, with a sudden start, I woke,
Relieved, refreshed that reason's reign
My dream, ill-omened, would revoke.

Gay as a lark, I left my bed,
And hastened to my lady's home.
O woe, they told me she was dead;
That night death's messenger had come!

Ah, now, at last, I see it all,
And read my vision clear and sure!
God would not let my darling fall,
So took her while her soul was pure.

THY SWEET PRESENCE

To J. J. W.

WHEN the golden stars are keeping
Silent watch o'er all things sleeping,
  And the night is still,
Then of thee my thoughts are teeming,—
If asleep, of thee I'm dreaming,—
  And my pulses thrill.

When the busy day hath brought me
Myriad cares, and boys have sought me,
  Till my soul rebels;
'Midst all duties, cares and pleasures,
As the sum of earthly treasures,
  Thy sweet presence dwells.

When I fall in adoration,
Or in humble supplication,
  On my knees to pray,
Then I ask our God to press thee
To His loving heart and bless thee
  Each and every day.

When before God's altar kneeling,
All Christ's mercy I'm revealing
  To my fellow-men,—
Then our human love I'm blending
With His heavenly love transcending:
  Thou art with me then.

IT WAS A DREAM

Not long ago a maiden fair to see,
With face and form of heavenly radiancy,
Before the altar stood with me, to take
Those solemn vows which death alone should break.

A light divine shone thro' her gleaming eyes,
That seemed to mark an angel in disguise,
A thrill of rapture quivered through her frame
As she looked up and spoke the new-found name.

"My precious Wife!" I cried with bated breath,
"We are each other's now, e'en unto death."
Alas! 'Tis true—things are not what they seem.
My words awakened me—it was a dream.

TO MY WIFIE

WIFIE mine, thou best and dearest
Of all women in the land,
Naught I dread, and naught thou fearest,
With love's sceptre in thy hand.

Stretching without bound or measure,
Lies the empire of my heart;
O'er this empire, O my treasure,
Sovereign alone thou art.

Humbly bow I in obedience
To the ruler of my life,
Plighting loyal, true allegiance
To the queen who is my wife.

Oh, 'tis sweet to be a vassal,
When my wifie is my queen,
Pledge me, then, in song and wassail,
To my liege, my Josephine.

THE MAN A GIRL SHOULD CHOOSE

THE man who just knows all about you—
Your follies, your faults, and your sins—
Yet who loves you and can't live without you,
Who, when told of your antics, just grins.

The man—once his troth has been plighted—
Who will keep every promise he makes,
Who will serve his fair dame, as if knighted,
And protect till each bone in him breaks.

The man who, although you may wrong him,
And make yourself unfit to touch,
Yet in view of fond mem'ries that throng him,
Will forgive you, because he loves much.

When you look for a spouse you can tie to,
For a partner who will play the game straight,
Choose the man you are sure wouldn't lie to
A woman, though death sealed his fate.

TO MY VALENTINE

LET me tell you, Janie dearest, what a blessing you have been,
Yes, the greatest boon and comfort that my eyes have ever seen:
Darling sweetheart, precious wifie, and the mother of my line,
And on February fourteenth you're my only Valentine.

A VALENTINE

To J. J. W. and B. L. W.

WERE I asked to tell the story
Of my soul's most rapturous joy—
Joy of earth or joy from heaven,
Purest joy without alloy—
Surely there would be two moments
Filled with bliss beyond compare.
Both can never be forgotten,
Each most sacred, each most rare.

One is surely when your mother
Placed her dainty hand in mine,
Speaking words of love and reverence,
Plighting troth before God's shrine.
And the other surely would be
When my daughter dear was born
On the Feast of John the Baptist,
Long ago, one Friday morn.

A VALENTINE

MARY kissed me one bright morn,
  Annie when the night was still,
Jennie only looked at me,
  But how it made my pulses thrill!

Mary's kiss was soon forgot,
  Annie's lasted but a day,
But ah! the kiss in Jennie's eyes
  Thrills me now and will alway.

JUST THAT I'VE HAD YOU

WHEN I think of all the treasure
Fortune showers, without measure,
  On the favored few,
Smitten sore, to Fate replying,
This the thought most satisfying,—
  Just that I've had you.

When I ask our God to send me
Heaven's blessing to attend me
  Till my journey's through,
This the one I crave most dearly,
And give thanks for most sincerely,—
  Just that I have you.

When I stand at Heaven's portal,
Garbed in flesh no longer mortal,
  To receive my due,
This the joy of joys transcending,
Joys of earth with heaven's blending,
  Just that I'll have you.

LOVE AND FRIENDSHIP

Two spirits, fair and bright to view,
Dwell in the human heart;
Their looks and thoughts so far estranged—
Their lives so far apart!

God gave them power to govern us,
And thus due grace was given,
Either to bind our souls to earth,
Or raise our hopes to Heaven.

How diff'rent they! Their deeds and words
Breathe each a solemn strain;
Yet Friendship lendeth naught but joy.
Love bringeth *grief* and *pain*.

And Friendship, stretching forth her hands,
Takes *many* to her heart;
But Love, in silence, bows her head,
And holdeth *one* apart.

Friendship, with calm and placid mien,
Smiles on the human race;
But Love, who needs a warmer glow,
Uplifts a tear-stained face.

Yet if the door of every heart
Stands open for these two,
Pray who would dare to banish Love,
And summon Friendship through.

Love is so noble, pure, and true,
It soars above all strife;
And like the Eastern aloe tree,
It blooms but *once* in life.

Friendship may fade, and droop, and die,
Before Suspicion's breath;
But Love's eternal—knows not change—
Love ling'reth after death.

THY LIPS

All the fierce joy in a wild bird's nest,
All that God hides in a mother's breast,
All the soft radiance of twilight and star,
Lighting the pathway of planets afar,
All the wealth brought in the bosoms of ships—
All became mine at the touch of thy lips.

MY LADY FAIR

I KNOW a lady sweet and fair,
With form of angel's grace;
A shining wreath of silken hair
Enshrines her classic face.

Do I love my lady fair? ye ask—
For answer tell me, pray,
If children's lives are wont to bask
In a mother's love, or nay.

And ask ye why I love her so?
Then tell me yet again
Why Mayflowers bloom beneath the snow;
Why women will love men.

And, prithee, tell me, if you will,
Why perfume scents the flowers;
Why fragrant flowers at eve distil;
Why thyme haunts lovers' bowers.

And can ye analyze, once more,
The secret, hidden call
Which music hath to ope the door,
The heart to disenthrall.

What, No? Then how can I impart
To you the ardent flame
That lights the altar of my heart
At mention of her name.

A CHRISTMAS EVE LULLABY

To Cousin Leila Vail

O HUSH thee now my baby,
The stars are shining bright;
So close thine eyes, my precious child,
Until the morning light.

But when the day shall waken
To greet the Heavenly King,
Then waken too, my darling child,
And hear the Church bells ring.

Perhaps you'll see Old Santa
In sledge by reindeer drawn,
Who brings glad gifts to children good
The day that Christ was born.

So greet him Christmas morning
And give a baby coo,
For Christ was once a little child,
A Baby just like you.

And when you've grown to manhood,
Then strive to be like Him,
For in the light of His pure life
All other lives are dim.

LULLABY

SLEEP, my baby, sleep,
On thy mother's breast!
Sweet the deams of infants' slumber;
Holy angels without number
Guard thy peaceful rest.

Sleep, my baby, sleep,
In thy cradle wee!
Much thy tiny limbs must lengthen,
Much thy mind and soul must strengthen,
Ere a man thou'll be.

Sleep, my baby, sleep,
In thy little cot!
Let the joy of childhood pleasures,
Let the worth of baby treasures,
Never be forgot!

Sleep, my little man,
In thine own big bed!
Soon to manhood's cares I yield thee,
But thy mother's prayers will shield thee,
Whereso'er thou tread.

Sleep, my baby, sleep,
On thy mother's breast!
Sweet the dreams of infants' slumber;
Holy angels without number
Guard thy peaceful rest.

BABY'S VOICE

FLOWERS blooming, sweet birds singing,
Please alike the eye and ear;
But to me there's something sweeter
In the sounds which now I hear.
Ah! it is a sweet voice lisping
Words we've waited months to hear;
You, perhaps, can't understand it
But to me it's very clear.

"Papa," oh, what could be plainer?
"Mamma," hear the darling talk!
Saying what we've longed to have her
Though one step she cannot walk;
Say, what music can be sweeter?
Surely not that of a bird.
Oh! to me my baby's lisping
Is the sweetest sound I've heard.

A CHILD

A CHILD, good friends—what is a child?
Alas! who can fit answer make?
We must, indeed, be reconciled
An incomplete response to take.

For every child, whate'er its birth,
Whate'er its providential lot,
Hath heritage beyond this earth,
Which keenest vision seeth not.

Unto its earthly parents lent
A brief span here, on highest trust,
The Sender surely must have meant
The stewardship to be most just.

A child has body, mind and soul,
Each clearly separate, and yet
Combined into one mystic whole—
Was e'er such wondrous marvel met?

The body must be trained with care;
Its passions firmly held in check,
Else its machinery will wear
And e'en become a doleful wreck.

And then the mind, the intellect,
The judgment throned on Reason's seat,—
To train this right do you suspect
That any one is fully meet?

The teacher's work, if nobly done,
Deserves the richest recompense;
But it is only half begun,
When, called by Death, we're summoned hence.

And if the mind so precious be,
How shall we estimate the soul,
With its eternal destiny,
Beyond the wisest man's control?

Its highest needs cannot be met
By any work of man's device;
The soul, dear friends,—do not forget—
Hath qualities beyond all price.

Then help us, gracious Saviour, dear,
Who e'en Thyself wast once a Child,
To rear our children in Thy fear,
To make them humble, brave and mild.

For they our places soon must take,
They soon must man the Ship of State;
God grant no storms its helm may shake!
No crimes of *ours* may seal its fate!

AN ODE TO MOTHERHOOD

O MOTHER EARTH, whose teeming womb
All life in Nature hath conceived,
And yet hath been the spacious tomb
Of all whom Death hath not reprieved,
We bow in reverence on thy sod,
And hail thee as the Bride of God!

O holy Mother, Virgin Maid,
Who hath supernal honor won,
Because thy soul was unafraid
To bear God's one-begotten Son—
Blest Palestine thy feet have trod,
Thee too we hail as Bride of God!

O Mother Church, Who art the Spouse
Of Him Who as a Bridegroom came
To make to Thee His solemn vows,
And honor with His sacred name,—
With Righteousness Thy feet are shod,
Thy robes befit the Bride of God.

O mother mine, who gave me life,
And who for me hath spent thy strength,
Throughout my earthly toil and strife,
However brief, whate'er its length,
I'll call down blessings on thy head,
From Him whose precious blood was shed!

O Mother dear, Jerusalem,
The blissful home of God's elect,
The city known to only them
Whom holy angels now expect,
Thy golden streets our feet shall roam
When Christ, our Lord, shall call us home.

O Woman-kind, the salt of earth,
Whose gifts the powers of men transcend,
For you alone can bring to birth,
And only ye can comprehend
What is by men not understood,—
The mystery of Motherhood.

IN REMEMBRANCE

TO MISS GAINFORTH

LIKE dew distilled from vap'rous air,
Refreshing all beneath its touch;
Like sunshine searching everywhere,
To transform little into much;
Like gifts to one who never prays,
Bestowed by Him who sends all good,—
Yea, like the new found cathode rays,
Which penetrate the solid wood,—
Some natures find their chief delight
In seeking how they best may please
Their friends, and make their lives bedight
With golden opportunities
Of knightly service done.

Of none may this be justly said
More truly,—with each figure true,—
Than of St. Mary's noble head,
The high-born Lady Montague.
The sparkling dew of Christian grace,
Illumined by a sunny smile,
Seems e'er reflected on her face,
Refreshing some one all the while.
And rays of kindness from her heart,
Which pierce the selfishness of earth,
And warmth and light alike impart,
Reveal a soul of gentle birth,—
Like that of Mary's Son.

LADY CARP

IMPELLED by yearnings of a brimming heart
To paint a word-portrait of one I love
And honor for the noble, gracious part
She plays upon life's stage, I looked above,
With eager eye and listening ear, to catch
Some word my Muse might speak to me—some word,
Some message from Euterpe that would match
The subject of my theme. And lo, I heard
Euterpe's voice in accents clear:

"A portrait you would paint of Lady Carp?
A song you'd sing of her with lute or harp?
Then choose a canvas of unusual length
And breadth, and summon your artistic strength,
For you will need the acme of your power,
And you will work with zeal for many an hour
Before her features you'll delineate,
And then you needs must be a laureate.
Let these directions be of help to you,
For they will be instructive, though but few:

Don't strive to catch the looks of long ago;
Just paint her as she is, with fervid glow
Of youth still on her cheek and in her eye,
Though her white hair proclaims that age is nigh."

She hath a form of regal grace,
A mild yet stately mien;

The gracious smile upon her face
Would well befit a queen.

No words can faintly represent
The gleam within her eyes,
A look so calm and confident,
That fear could ne'er arise.

A forehead high, with classic brow,
Betokens lofty thought;
Should her firm lips once make a vow,
Her will would see it wrought.

And yet 'tis love and gentleness
That stamp her countenance
With soul-marks—this would all confess—
Of Christ's own radiance.

Upon her head a crown, we see,
Of glistening white is placed,
Which gives a look of majesty
That can not be effaced.

Thus Lady Carp to me reveals
The noblest womanhood;
And when at her I gaze, there steals
O'er me a sense of good.

No portraiture of brush or pen
Can justly body forth
The depths of soul, beyond our ken,
That mark her truest worth.

TO C. E. P.

O LADY fair, of gentle mien,
Whose virtues, though but dimly seen
Because of thy great modesty,
Adorn a soul of truest worth,
Which heeds not breeding, rank, or birth,
I bow to thy real majesty.

A faithful matron hast thou been,
The most devoted we have seen
In quarter of a century.
We grieve to think that we must part,
But warm thy place in ev'ry heart,
And thou art more content, you see.

A meed of thanks I wish to pay,
On this (for me) sad parting day,
For all the kindness thou hast shown.
O would it were a year ago!
How glad I'd be to have it so,
If this, my wish, could be thine own!

AN APPRECIATION

To Miss W. R. K.

As flashing skies reflect the westering sun,
  And shimmering waves the opalescent moon,
So Music doth reveal the love of God,
  As mirrored in the life of Christ our Lord.
Unconscious is the music-loving soul
  Whose image it reflects, as is the pool
Whose glistening surface meres the distant stars,
  But, none the less, God's photograph is clear.

Such soul, dear friend, it is not hard to see,
  Belongs to you whose fingers and whose voice
Interpret Music, whether light or deep,
  To souls which, otherwise, were deaf or mute.
To you is giv'n the power to make them hear,
  To make them feel, ay, e'en to make them know
How vast the sway triumphant Music hath
  The heart and soul of man to disenthrall.

No thanks are sought, I know, but heart-felt thanks
  I beg you to accept for your sweet songs
So beautifully rendered yesternight.
  Nor thanks alone. This meed of gen'rous praise
I gladly give and on your classic brow
  I would, e'en thrice as gladly, love to place
The laurel crown which, in the days of old,
  Olympia's heroes brave were wont to wear.

TO A FRIEND

O FRIEND, whom God hath raised from bed of pain
Unto some measure of thy health again,
Surrounded by thy family, each restored
From grievous sickness by thy gracious Lord,
Rise thou with Him this glorious Easter morn,
On which, so many hundred years agone,
He rose triumphant—"first-fruits from the dead"
According e'en as He Himself had said.
And "if thou then be risen, indeed, with Christ"
This day our Passover was sacrificed,
I charge thee, "seek thou things that are above,"—
His ever ready help, His endless love;
And as a type of this great Easter truth,
Which even Nature furnishes, forsooth,
Accept, I pray, these flowers called Easter lilies
Because they bloom at Easter—so God's will is.
The seed from which they sprung died and decayed;
Yet from its death these flowers were born, arrayed
In splendor such that even Israel's King
Fine raiment, fit to match them, could not bring.

ON A WEDDING ANNIVERSARY

To Mr. and Mrs. P. F.

ANOTHER year has sunk into the past
With scarce a ripple to disturb the face
Of Time's smooth-gliding stream. One mile-stone more
Is set to mark the progress you have made
Towards life's far bourne, or near. And now I pray
That peace—God's peace—may crown the coming years;
That, like the bright effulgence which enwrapped
The person of the Lord on Hermon's height,—
Yea, like a glowing halo,—it may rest
Upon your home, and sanctify your lives,
And make them meet for union in the Home
Of many mansions round the throne of God.

ANOTHER MILESTONE

ANOTHER milestone in life's path thou'st passed,
Thou art another year's march nearer home,
O, canst thou not begin to catch, at last,
The lights that play around the great white throne?

I know thy pathway's rough, thy feet are sore,
Aweary thou must be of life's hard way,
But Christ thy Lord has trodden it before,
His footsteps keep. Be faithful, watch and pray.

A joyful welcome waits thy journey's end,
In Paradise God's weary ones find rest,
And after sojourn there thou'llt find, my friend,
A home among the mansions of the blest.

BEULAH

An Acrostic

Be thou rich, or be thou poor,
Ever shall thy dower be sure.
Under favor of thy God,
Life will bring thee great reward.
All good angels guard thee well!
Home thy empire! Love its spell!

LIGHTER BURDENS, OR STRONGER BACKS?

To G. T. B.

WHENE'ER a burden sore is laid on thee,
Consider this demand of equity:
What boots it—whether God thy load remove,
Or strengthen thee to bear it from above?

So now, in this thine hour of poignant grief,
There is on High a source of sure relief.
Though heavy burdened, be not faint. At length,
E'en as thy need, e'en so shall be thy strength.

Remember this, when thou art sore afraid,
"Through suffering thy Lord was perfect made."
So when with suffering thou art opprest,
In Him thou'lt surely find thy strength, thy rest.

THE EVERLASTING HILLS

To Miss G. T. B.

LIFT thine eyes unto the hills,
Child of sorrow, grief and fears,
He who sends both joys and ills,
Will remove thy pain and tears.

Be not thou of aught afraid,
Only lift thine eyes above.
God, the Lord, shall be thine aid;
Let Him soothe thee with His love.

Seek not, then, the valley's cheer,
None but highest help implore;
Say to God, "Incline Thine ear;
Be my Helper evermore."

He will yet to thee make known
Why He suffers thee to grieve.
'Tis that thou may'st be His own
That thou may'st in Him believe.

So, dear friend, whate'er betides,
To the Hills lift up thine eyes;
Ever faithful God abides,
Ever merciful and wise.

LIFE

In memory of H. F. C.

A DAY, a month, a year,
Over and over again;
A smile, a sigh, a tear,
And the bitter and sweet have been.

A day, a month, a year,
The same old tale is told;
A hope, a doubt, a fear
And the love of a life is sold.

A day, a month, a year,
So ebbs our life away;
A breath, a bride, a bier,
A tomb and slow decay.

A year, a month, a day,
Shorter has grown the span,
As a flower of fleeting May
Is the life of mortal man.

YOUR LIFE AND MINE

Also in memory of H. F. C.

YOURS, beyond the stars of heaven,
Mine, beneath their beam;
Yours, where joy's reality,
Mine, where 'tis a dream.

Yours, in the wonderful spirit land,
Mine, in the cumbrous clay;
Yours, where the soul knows no restraint,
Mine, longing to burst away.

Yours, on the other side the stream,—
The stream we here call death;
Mine, what you in the bright above
Call but a passing breath.

Yours, filled up with pure delights,
Mine, with things of earth;
Yours, perfecting the soul's best powers,
Mine, where they scarce have birth.

Through wonderful realms of endless space
Your soul may roam at will;
Mine, in the gloom of its prison house
Must struggle, yet be still.

We are kindred souls, and yet as much
They differ—your life and mine,
Yours was once the heavier cross,
But now true bliss is thine.

Nor would I have it otherwise,—
Thine the victor's crown,
I'll follow on where you have led
With the work your hands laid down.

TO M. B. C.

DEAR heart, thou biddest me withdraw the veil
That screens the inmost chamber of my soul.
Thou fain would'st enter in and have revealed
To thine own eyes the glowing flame that burns
Unquenchable on Friendship's sacred hearth.
I will. But, like the Jewish priest of old,
Who entered not within the Holy Place—
The Holiest of All—until made pure
By ceremonial washing claimed by God,
And not without an offering of blood,
And burning coals, and gifts of incense sweet;
E'en thus do thou first cleanse thine heart by prayer
And bring oblations meet to be received
By one thus willing to disclose the thoughts
Before known only by himself and God.

Now, as within the Holiest of All
There seemed a dearth of living verities,
To call for such unbounded reverence—
For naught but Israel's Ark of Covenant
Between God's chosen people and Himself

Appeared, wherein were three symbolic things:
The golden pot containing heavenly food,
The mystic, budding rod of Aaron, and
The stony tablets writ by God's own hand;
So in the Sanctuary of my heart
Thou canst but three things see,—invisible
To all but Thee: the holy Covenant,
Between us made, of Friendship unto death,—
Yea, after death, throughout eternity;—
The Eucharistic Food by which this league
Is kept; and last the rod of chastened love
That points us daily nearer unto God.

And as above the Ark there ever dwelt
Invisible—for eye hath never seen
Nor can it ever see—God's awful Form,
The dread Shekinah, symbol of I AM,
To guard His holy mysteries from harm,
So doth my soul keep unremitting watch
O'er these its precious, deathless mysteries.
And as, once more, no word was spoke between
The priest who entered in and Him who dwelt
Forever there, so let no word betray—
For it would absolutely pow'rless be—
The love that reigns between myself and thee.
Where voice is vain, be it enough to see;
And yet, dear friend, remember this—
Of deepest, loftiest thoughts the best
Are those which cannot be expressed,
So all my noblest thoughts of you
Although unuttered are no less true.

TO COUSIN RUTH

WHEN a girl's "just growed up," like Josh Billings's pup,
To a woman so beauteous and dainty,
Her cousin's excusable, and it is not refusable,
If he wishes to know her—now ain't he?

So he sends invitation with joyful elation
To this lady, who lives down in Winsted,
To discuss turkey roast "on the day we eat most,"
But she writes him a fine poem instead.

Oh, the poem was good, if any one could
Prefer clever words to a woman,
But to own up to this inconceivable bliss
Is to be more angelic than human.

It reminds me—disclosed—of the man who proposed
To a girl and was offered her sister:
But he set matters right on that very same night,
When he hugged the fair damsel and kissed her.

So the next time we meet, be it market or street,
I shall surely demand satisfaction
Of my fair Cousin Ruth, who, I hope it's the truth,
Won't resent such a cousinly action.

TO B. F.

On Receiving a Calendar for 1911

If by your act you wished to convey
That I am to think of you every day,
You couldn't have hit on a neater device,
As sure as there's snow on the edelweiss.

ON RECEIVING A CALENDAR FROM B. F.

If all the hours of all the days
Were spent in singing — — praise,
Three hundred sixty-five would be
Too few to do her equity.

Another calendar, or two,—
Nay, even that would hardly do!
At least a score would be required
To fill the measure that's desired.

TO G. T. B.

WHAT's woman's beauty but an air divine
Through which the soul's all radiant graces shine?
E'en so, dear friend, thy loveliness of form
Is matched by graces which thy soul adorn.

Grace, thy name, God's grace, thy charm,
Grace, the feature of thy form,—
Who can, then, thy beauty fill,
But some one more graceful still?

If one should ask thy chiefest grace,
'Twould not be that of form or face;
But that "greatest" grace 'twould be,—
The selfless grace of charity.

TO C. M. J.

As fragrance wells from hearts of flowers;
As dew from mist distills;
So flows C—'s love in showers;
So children's hearts she thrills.

O may she find the truest love
To match and bind her own!
O may her life below, above,
Be sheltered by God's throne.

And if, perchance, a child be given,
Her home to bless and cheer,
May all her mother's grace from Heaven
In Baby reappear.

May she be blest with length of days;
From sorrow find release;
And spend eternity in praise
And everlasting peace.

GLADNESS AND SADNESS

To B. L. W.

WHEN we reckon the sad things we cannot but see,
What is sadder than Cupid in cupidity?
Just as when other nations attempted to crush her,
The gladdest thing I've seen's the Rush in old Russia.
Yet another sad thing is the War in the water,
And if you were my sweetheart instead of my daughter,
And if from all pain I wished for immunity
I'd find it alone when I'd found *you* in Unity.

GREETING TO GRANDMA

To M. H.

Good morning, dear Grandma! Good morning, I say,
I wish you good health on this beautiful day.
I hope, as it passes, 'twill bring you much joy,
And nothing to greatly annoy.

If I were a grandma, I'd have a fine time.
I'd give to each grandchild a quarter or dime.
And then I would chuckle, to see how they'd run
To buy them a Banbury bun.

Just take a long ride in the automobile,
And see how much better 'twill make grandma feel.
I hope that the sunshine and warmth of the day
Will drive all your lameness away.

Augusta and Stanley are waiting for me
To swing in the hammock we've hitched to the tree.
So, Grandma, I bid you a loving farewell,
To play till I hear the school bell.

F. E. STANLEY

At Kingfield, Maine, in forty-nine,
Was born a man of kingly stripe—
In stature like an old-growth pine,
In mental parts of noblest type.

Endowed by God with native power
To see what is by most unseen—
Dame Nature's richest, highest dower—
He scanned the view with vision keen.

And feeling then the artist's thrill
To reproduce the mind's concept,
He practised portraiture with skill,
And in this work became adept.

But finding that old Artist Sol
Could discount his geography,
He listened to the far-sent call
And so took up photography.

In this his genius came to birth,
For though this birth was somewhat late,
It proved to be of truest worth,
For he invented the Dry Plate.

This inspiration brought him fame,
And, incidentally, large wealth;
For every tyro knew his name,
And every craftsman drank his health.

In port or champagne? Nay, not so;
For temperance is Stanley's creed,
And temperance can never know
A stronger drink than raspberry mead.

Removing from his native state
To grand old Massachusetts' soil,
He settled, with his dear helpmate,
In Newton, to renew their toil.

Here Fortune's gifts awaited them,
And Fortune gave with lavish hand;
For family joys elated them,
And honors came at worth's command.

At length in nineteen hundred three
George Eastman bought, at good, round price,
The Stanley Dry Plate Company—
Its patents and its great device.

And then, in full maturity,
The Stanley genius blossomed forth,
In patents for security,
From West to East, from South to North.

The end and object now in view
Was to create the Stanley Steamer,
And if you look in "Who's Who"
You'll find he built a perfect screamer.

Of all the autos in the land
No other has attained such speed;
And if it's comfort you demand,
In this respect it takes the lead.

A mile a minute used to be
Unheard of time for any car;
But by the record you will see
That Stanleys have gone twice as far.

Now, in the ripeness of his powers,
Our friend enjoys deserved leisure,
And spends the onward-rushing hours
In social joys and kindred pleasure.

Occasionally in his shirt-sleeves
One finds him fashioning a fiddle,
For manual labor, he believes,
Will help to solve Old Age's riddle.

At home, surrounded by his books,
He loves to see the children play;
He revels in their cheery looks,
And with them spends his holiday.

At various clubs, and with his friends,
His well-considered views are sought;
And what he speaks or writes depends
On what he's read and what he's thought.

One quality our friend possesses
Of which no mention has been made,
But this, as every one confesses,
Casts all the others in the shade.

Outshining Justice' gleaming face,
Stands beauteous Hospitality;
And next to her, in second place,
Sits radiant Cordiality.

These Graces three adorn the home
Of Francis Edgar Stanley;
And many leagues we'd have to roam
To find a man more manly.

IN LIGHTER VEIN

THE NEW SPELLING

ACCORDING to the latest rule
A girl's not dressed, but *"drest."*
But when I used to go to school
I guessed what now is *"guest."*

And when we used to kiss the girls
They were not *"kist,"* I trust,
But now they shake their pretty curls
And think they're *"bust,"* not bussed.

And if a man and maid should plan
To keep a lovers' tryst,
If she should disappoint the man,
She'd not be missed but *"mist."*

Now when I was a little boy,
My clothes were sometimes mussed.
But now the children will annoy
Their ma's by getting *"must."*

The *Literary Digest* thinks
That words should thus be *"spelt,"*
And "T. R." uses all the kinks,
When by hard knocks he's *"felt."*

But I was taught with certainty
That spelled 's the past of spell,
And that for sins like this there'll be
A literary hell.

THE EVOLUTION OF TRANSPORTATION

In ancient times it was the rule
To journey far by horse or mule;
Then steam and electricity
Gave travel a publicity.

Next came the "honk" and auto-car
For those who'd travel fast and far;
And after this the aeroplane
Buzzed through the air 'mid snow or rain.

But now the latest thing is this,
To give the trav'ler perfect bliss:
If you would ride from coast to coast,
Stick on some stamps—go Parcel Post.

THE THIEF

A THIEF is one who steals;
Regard for him none feels,
Save he repent, forsake his sin,
Restore the stolen goods again,
And keep the Golden Rule.

I stole a kiss one day,
A blithesome day in May:—
"You are a thief!" the sweet maid cried,
But in her face no wrath I spied,
As home she tript from school.

"I'll give it back," quoth I,
"E'en ten for one, or die.
I swear I only did to thee
What I would have thee do to me."
Now was I thief, or fool?

THE WAY TO WAREHAM

ONCE a lady, clad in bloomers,
Careless of unfounded rumors,
"Wheeled" towards Wareham town.
Coming to unmarked "four corners,"
Near the home of Farmer Horners,
She at once jumped down.

Spying some one near the stable,
Whom, she thought, to tell her able,
She addressed him thus:
"Is this the way to Wareham, Mister?"
"Blamed if I know, pretty sister!
Ask my wife, or little Gus."

PARDONABLE UNFAITHFULNESS

WHEN wife and I were married,
A score of years ago,
She promised to be faithful,
Come happiness or woe.

At first she seemed to love me;
I thought her true as steel;
Alas! there is another
To whom she makes appeal.

O fickle-hearted woman!
How strange the tale, how sad!
She's bowled completely over!
But then—why, I'm his dad!

PHILOPENA

WHEN a girl has a mind and is fully inclined
To give a negative answer,
It is awfully mean, when she's all serene,
For a man to attempt to entrance her.

And if she say "Yes," and has to confess,
Because the man has entrapped her,
Would it be meaner still—or give her a thrill,
If in his strong arms he enwrapped her?

And if she declared, because all ensnared,
That she wished to be only his sister,—
Now what do you think—would she horribly shrink,
If he reverentially kissed her?

And if then she took pains to blot out his stains
With the handsomest kind of a blotter,
On which she had spent, to her heart's full content,
A great deal more time than she'd "ought ter,"—

A blotter so fine, 'twere a sin to enshrine
Beneath its bright stars and its flowers
A record illegible, all unintelligible,
Of Cupid's invisible powers,—

Wouldn't you think that the man would narrowly scan
His conduct, in view of her shiver,
And nobly determine, e'en though he wore ermine,
To cherish the gift and the giver?

TO MISS L. S. B.

On receiving a silver heart key ring for a Philopena present

SINCE you gave me your heart with a very sweet "Yes,"
I will give you this verse in return;
Had your answer been "No," you will surely confess
That the diff would be hard to discern.

PHILOPENA

To Miss C. M. J.

WHEN a girl on a train makes a man use his brain
So hard as to win Philopena,
She will have to pay debts, even tho' she ne'er bets,
Or else get some one to screen her.

It is pretty hard lines to have to pay fines,
When you're guilty of no offences
But to say "Yes" or "No," when you hate to do so,
And are frightened half out of your senses.

But there *are* times, I guess, when it's sweet to say "Yes"
To a man who will tenderly love you:
When the moon in the sky seems hovering nigh,
And the stars are twinkling above you.

'Tis *the* blessing of life to be asked to be wife,
When you want to say "Yes" in a hurry:
So wherever you go, may you never say "No"
To the man whom you're anxious to worry.

THE FLYING MACHINE

It long has been conceivable,
To navigate the air,
Though never quite believable
That one could journey there.

But now the thing is feasible,
Quite easy to be done;
It may excite the risible,
But then it's lots of fun.

Just take my lady's latest gown,
With mutton-legged sleeves,
And skirt that's plaited up and down,
Like ancient, fluted greaves.

Let the "new woman" talk awhile
Into those shapely puffs,
And they will take you up a mile,
If you close the neck and cuffs.

And when you're ready to descend,
It really is quite cute,
Just spread the full skirt's lower end,—
'Tis *à la parachute.*

HEIGHT, BREADTH, OR LENGTH

Some men prefer a wife petite,
Who never makes a rumpus;
They say that always goods most sweet
Are wrapped in smallest compass.

Others affirm that staunchest ships
Are known by breadth of beam;
They choose a wife with stalwart hips,
Who takes a goodly seam.

But I was taught long, long ago,
In adage and in song:
"Man wants but little here below,"
But wants that little long.

NEVER MIND THE PONY

Not long ago, an honest pair,
  Devoted to Christianity,
Were troubled that their only son
  Was given to profanity.

In every way within their power,
  They tried to check the cursing youth—
By threats, by promises, by bribes—
  In ev'ry blessed way, in truth.

The only thing that seemed to make
  On him the very least impression,
Was when, one night, they chanced to speak
  Of Shetland ponies, by digression.

But as our friends could not afford
  A gift so costly for their son,
Their hopes to rectify his fault
  Were brought to naught, when scarce begun.

At length, to pay a social debt,
  They planned to dine their minister,—
A godly man, no doubt, and true,
  But rather glum and sinister.

Before the dreaded day arrived,
  Of ministerial visitation,
They interviewed their graceless son,
  Intent on social obligation.

"Now son," they said, in earnest tones,
"If you will never swear again
As long as you live 'neath our roof,
That pony shall be yours, dear Ben."

Ben made the promise, fair and square,
Much to his parents' pure delight;
The pony came, the pony saw,
The pony conquered all in sight.

But, next day, came the parson too,
In answer to the invitation;
Around the festive board they sat,
The family in high elation.

When soup was handed to the guest,
This course he thankfully declined,
Remarking that in his own home,
He seldom took it when he dined.

Next came the fish, the second course,
And this the parson, too, refused,
Begging his hosts with courtesy,
That he, in sooth, might be excused.

When tasty venison was passed,
This godly Unitarian
Exclaimed in accents sweet and low:
"I am a vegetarian."

Poor Ben looked on, in sore amaze,
At such a foolish exhibition,
And wondered in his boyish mind,
What parsons *did* take for nutrition.

When, in due course, ice cream was served,
And this the parson too declined,
Ben's wonder, turning to contempt,
Broke forth in language not refined:

"Don't mind the pony, Dad," he cried,
"Confound my everlasting luck!
But give this blamed old fool D. D.
A goose's egg or two to suck."

MELLEN'S FOOD

MAN's earliest food, forsooth, is milk,
Drawn from his mother's breast;
When this supply begins to fail,
Then "Mellen's Food" is best.

And now throughout our Fatherland
The habit still holds good,
For all the railroads of the East
Will soon be Mellen's food.

SNYDER-CURE HAM

Its favor with consumers,
Is not due to idle rumors,
As you surely will acknowledge when you try it.
"It is tasty, it is tender!"
Is the verdict you will render,
When you boil it, when you bake it, when you fry it.

If you'd do yourself a favor,
And you like a ham with flavor,
You should always buy the famous "Snyder-cure";
If you broil it, if you fry it,
Or any way you try it,
You will like this ham and bacon, that is sure.

TO B. & S. CO.

To the firm that is gen'rous, the firm that is fair,
The firm to depend on to be on the square,
To this firm of good fellows whose friendship I boast
I lift high my glass and offer this toast:

May the Snyder-cure Ham and likewise the Bacon
Ne'er lack customers till of sense they're forsaken!
During nineteen-nineteen may your business increase!
May prosperity reign! May your luck never cease!
May all things increase—like a boy's store of jelly—
Save only the size of the Vice-President's belly!

THE EVOLUTION OF MAN'S CLOTHES

THE fig-leaf *apron's* often called
The earliest garment worn by man;
But this is wrong. Don't be appalled
To hear it was a *coat* of tan.

When Adam was from Eden driven,
The question was what he should wear;
And at that time to him was given
A *coat* of skins that wouldn't tear.

But Eve was likewise clothed the same,
And, save the aprons they had made,
They had no garments to their name,
And for a while kept in the shade.

As Adam's legs were often cold,
Though near the latitude of France,
He finally became so bold
As to appear in things called *pants*.

So pants were made for man, we see,
And man was made for pants,
No woman, with propriety
In them can ever dance.

Yet woman pants for man with tears,
And man for woman pants;
And thus *a pair of pants* appears
With frequent sigh and glance.

But if the man, in such a case,
Be one who's blest with riches,
Unless he keep a steady pace,
His pants will turn to breeches.

And then he'll need nor coat nor vest,
If he or cold or warm is,
From head to foot he will be dressed
In *suit* for breach of promise.

THE STANLEY STEAMER

If you want a car with power,
Steady-going hour by hour,
You should choose the Stanley car that uses steam.
It will take the steepest hill
With a pace that makes you thrill,
And the fuel cost will set your eyes agleam.

TO DORCAS

If a hundred young men should assemble together
To decide, by the way of a caucus,
Who's the daintiest maiden, with honey-dew laden,
They would cast all their votes for our Dorcas.

And if from the caucus they all should return
With each heart piercèd through by a foeman,
They would surely declare, and solemnly swear
That their hearts had been pierced by D. Bomann.

A FABLE FOR CRABBERS

THERE was once a young fellow named Burge,
At whose death the brass band played a dirge;
When he got to heaven's gate, where the guardian sate,
He was cutting no end of a splurge.

When thrice our friend Burgy had knocked,
The portal was quickly unlocked;
St. Peter appeared and Burge was afeared
That his way was effectively blocked.

"Why camest thou here?" quoth St. Peter.
"Didst thou hope that in heaven thou wouldst meet her?"
Burgy cracked a huge smile,—hesitated a while,
And remarked: "Have you something to eat—er?"

To this question St. Peter replied,
That, after earth's people had died,
They had nothing to eat—neither cabbage nor beet,
But Burgy thought Peter had lied.

The next thing that Burgy inquired,
As within heaven's halls they retired—
"Can I get a hot shower in Paradise bower,
Or haven't you coal to be fired?"

"O come, now!" said Peter, "you quit.
It's expected that you'll do your bit.
You must play on your fiddle, or roast on a griddle,
You would crab, should your halo not fit."

TO THE CHRISTMAS SHOPPER

WHEN Christmas shopping's to be done,
If the shopper's you or I,
Let's steel our heart to any fate
And sing "Sweet Buy and Buy."

ARISTOCRACY

A FIELD mouse ran from his moss-grown nest
To visit his house-bred friend;
And he maintained that his life was best,
With joys that have no end.

But the house-bred cousin, from eve to morn,
Rejected such views as that.
"I'd have you know," said he with scorn,
"That I'm an *aristoc-rat!*"

THE THRALLDOM OF STYLE

O WHAT a difference in words,
Though all the same in kind!
To call a form "undraped" will do,
But "bare" is not refined.

And so, with great propriety,
We style a figure "nude";
If "naked" were the word we used,
We'd be considered rude.

Like ev'ry man, a woman walks
Upon her own two legs;
Unless he speaks of "limbs," instead,
A man her pardon begs.

O slavish thralldom to the style!
When shall we break its clutch?
"A spade's a spade," where'er we go,
A leg's a leg, as much!

W. J. BURNS

O WILLIAM J. BURNS, the detective,
For whom there exists no adjective
That's half strong enough, or sufficiently tough
To describe this wizard reflective!

But the strangest thing 'bout this detective,
Whether you take him alone or collective,
Is—his eye's in his head, when awake or abed,
Hence the certainty of his perspective.

If you doubt this assertion prospective,
And think that it needs a corrective,
Just ask the fair Maudie, who surely's not gaudy,
And she'll swear to its truth, irrespective.

A SAD MIX-UP

It is one of the tasks of the clergy,
Just to change the *last* name of a maiden;
And it often requires much energy,
As she stands with her gifts richly laden,
To recall which is first, last or middle.

So I hope that the fair Madeline,
Whose *first* name I carelessly changed
And mistakenly called Josephine,
Will not be very greatly estranged
Over that which at first seemed a riddle.

For her pardon I humbly would crave
For the fault inadvertently made,
And before I go down to the grave
And am there irrevocably laid,
E'en her *last* name I'd change—yes, to Biddle.

SYNONYMS

"PRAY tell me what's a synonym?"
Remarked his wife to Doctor Jones.
"Why, words that mean the same, of course,"
Replied her spouse in merry tones.

"For instance, there is 'evening,'—
This word and 'night' mean just the same.
He called last *evening,* indeed,
Means—*Night* had fallen when he came."

"Then when I greet a welcome guest,
Of course I'll say *Good-night* to her;
And when she leaves me at the door,
I'll say, 'Good evening,' shall I, Sir?

And when a party I attend,
I s'pose you'd like to have it said:
Not that an *evening gown* she wore,
But just a *night-gown,* dressed for bed?"

MRS. CHAWMER

MRS. CHAWMER was a widow—thirty, sweet and fair,
Who thus was asked by Charlie Barr to make of two a pair:
"Your captain, Madam, I would be, to take the voyage of life,
And sail upon earth's stormy seas, with you the skipper's wife."
"My captain, sir, you'll never be, my craft to navigate,
But possibly I might accept you—for my *second mate.*"

A PROBLEM IN ARITHMETIC

A MAID, a man, a priest,
All conversation ceased;
Some vows, a prayer, a ring,
And then a wondrous thing.

For now these persons, two,
In all they say and do,
Are still but only one,
Whate'er is said and done.

'Tis strange arithmetic,
Enough to make one sick,
And of all sense bereft—
To *add* and have less left.

For this would seem subtraction,
Unless I'm in distraction,—
To have two on attainder
And *one* for the remainder.

But stranger still is true
After a year or two,
For now the two are three,
When comes the first baby.

Who can the problem solve,
That from *two three* evolve—
And sometimes seven or eight?
Arithmetic or Fate?

As fools I ye condemn
Who balk at this problem.
The miracle of love
Solves all below, above!

TO A SUFFRAGIST

If a hen-party's made up of women,
Without any equivocation,
And a stag-party, minus the trimmin',
Is composed of men bent on elation,
Then, as sure as you're wet when you're swimmin',
A nation of men is *stag-nation.*

THE JUDGE'S RECALL

or

THE MODERN MAUD MÜLLER

MAUD MÜLLER, fresh and sweet and gay,
Was raking up the new mown hay;
Judge Fellows, passing with his load,
Espied the maiden near the road.
"I prithee, Maudie," quoth the Judge,
"To take a piece of this fine fudge;
And, since 'tis hot and I am dry,
And fair exchange's no robbery,
To let me drink from thy tin pail,
A draught of water, beer, or ale."

"With all my heart," the maiden cried,
And low she bowed and courtesied.
Refreshed, the Judge returned the pail
Unto the blushing, young female;
And for reward,—she stood so meek—
He pressed a kiss on her fair cheek.

"O Maud," quoth he, "a sweeter draught
From fairer hand was never quaffed;
And to thy gift, though I'm no lad,
The giver I would have thee add."

But Maud in terror shook her head,
And from the Judge a few steps fled.
He, thinking he was thus repulsed,
Ascends the hill, with grief convulsed;
Upon its crest he turns around
And spies Maud Müller on the ground.

"O Maud," he cries, "recall your choice,
And make my widowed heart rejoice."
"Sure thing!" quoth she, "Return to me,
For my fond heart doth yearn for thee;
This year the maids, Progressive all,
Would vote the judges to recall."

THE PANAMA CANAL

"THE Panama Canal, with Slides."
So reads the lecture program;
But 'pears to me the Ditch provides
The slides, without photogram.

WHICH IS WHICH?

HERE'S a question for you, Billy:
"Where's the Panama Canal?"
"In Panama, of course, you silly,
Dug by Colonel George Goethals."

"There is where you're wrong, my sonny—
Wrong as any little gal,
For it may be very funny, but
Panama's in the Canal."

AN ACROSTIC

To Miss L. M.

LET all your efforts tend to form,
In youth's fair morn, a purpose high;
Let faith and virtue mark the goal
At which you fix your eager eye.

Maintain a calm and steadfast gaze
Upon the highest peaks in view;
Remember, He who gives the prize,
Rewards the valiant and the true.
Above all else remember this,—
Your work will yield your highest bliss.

I'M A WORD OF FIVE SYLLABLES

My first forever will be you;
My second's what you sometimes do;
My third's the first thing children learn;
My fourth your *eye* will soon discern;
My fifth's an article—sure as Fate—
In books that now are out of date.

My first half names my wife and me;
My second half you seldom see;
My whole Miss D— — sure is,
In spite of her infirmities.

Unitarian.

PROPINQUITY

If you add to my first what belongs to my second,
A staff and stay it becomes;
But if you restore what is properly reckoned,
When working this style of sums,
As belonging to it and not to my first,
My second's the most useful thing out—
More cordially blessed, more forcibly cursed
Than anything I know about.
Whether it causes a grimace or fathers a grin
Depends whether it's out or it's in.

But if it's not you, and if it be I,
That's inserted in front of my third,
My last three become, if you live or you die,
Indeed a most terrible word.
'Tis the offspring of Satan, the brother of sin,
And all the rest of his kin.
Now add to my third what belongs to my fourth
And you surely will then have to quit,
For you only have left what scarcely is worth
Enough to make city of sit.

My whole is a word that all love to use
And to have in connection with you.
O would that whenever I like and you choose,
Of you and of me it were true!
For then, if you now only chance to begin it,
I'd *certainly,* SURELY be "in it."

A CHALLENGE

THOUGH beaten at chess by the doughty Queen
Bess,
And willing t'acknowledge defeat,
I'm like Dr. Gallinger, ready to challenge her
To play again, without deceit.

Next time it must surely be two out of three,
Before I shall give up the fight,
And I stipulate squarely that we shall play fairly
And this time with plenty of light.

NON BIS

'TWAS dewy night. They rode beneath
The moon so calm and pale;
Impelled by yearnings of his heart
He kissed her through her veil.

Next time they took a carriage ride
Beneath the starry dome,
She did not wear the same attire—
She left the veil at home.

OUR MAUDIE

MUCH the fastest female that e'er followed the trail,
Was the famous old trotter called Maud S.
She could go in two:ten, and repeat it again;
In her time she was reckoned a goddess.

But whatever her rate, she is now out of date,
Just eclipsed by her namesake, so gaudy,
Who cavorts thro' the rain in her light aeroplane,
Our belov'd irresistible Maudie.

From St. Johnsbury she hails, ever famed for its gales,
Her lost spirits and health to recover,
Let us wish her God-speed, on her wind-spurning steed,
And a hasty return, for—we love her.

A CHANGE

YOUR pardon I crave for an error in change,
And mine I will grant for the change of an error.

THE CHRISTMAS STOCKING

ERSTWHILE it was the custom here
To hang the Christmas stocking,
But fashions change from year to year,
And sometimes are quite shocking.

Not satisfied with pear-shaped sleeve,—
At least, there are such rumors—
The modern girl, on Christmas eve,
Must needs hang up her bloomers.

WHEN A GIRL IS A GUEST

WHEN a girl is a guest, but is urgently pressed
Into service at playing the organ,
She reminds me, at least, of *the* horse of the East,
That noblest of breeds, called the Morgan.

They always respond as though they are fond
Of accomplishing all in their power.
No hill is too steep, no valley too deep,
For courage and strength is their dower.

What dower more meet for a girl pure and sweet
Than this spirit of doing for others?
Such maidens, I ween, are the fittest e'er seen
For that highest of missions—good mothers.

Many thanks I would render, with feelings most tender
For the kindness you showed me on Sunday.
I can not repay you—I only can say you
Must surely stay next time o'er Monday.

AN EXCHANGE OF PHOTOGRAPHS

'Tis often said, and if so be,
A fair exchange's no robbery,
I pray you to exchange for mine
A face so fair it seems divine.

TO MY DAUGHTER

Fair sheets to my daughter I'm sending,
And with them fond love I am blending,
In hopes that, their homeward way wending,
Up the vale of the Pemi ascending,
They will bring to my heart, now contending
'Twixt grief and a joy never ending,
Some message of heartiness, lending
New cheer for the sad days I'm spending.

A CHESSNUT

If a lady and gentleman play any game,
However unskilful or clever he be,
Is it really conceivable, even, that he
Should allow himself thought better player than she,
No matter how "easy" or wild she became?

And especially if they are playing at chess—
Ancient game that resoundeth of *bishop* and *knight*—
One may ask if it possibly could be thought right
For a parson, not yet in a *bishop's* shoes quite,
To conquer, to vanquish the haughty Miss Bess.

It certainly would be against all the rules
Of that chivalry, which in all hist'ry is seen,
Fairest fruit of the ages now past to have been.
Prithee, how could a *knight* break the lance of his *queen,*
Without being reckoned the greatest of fools?

He would *pawn* his possessions, if he were a *king,*—
His horses, his *castles,* his vassals, his throne,
Not a crown, not a shilling or sixpence he'd own.
Why, he even would raise on his kingdom a loan;
Before he would do so unknightly a thing.

And what shall be said of the lady who wins,
In conditions like those which have now been made
plain?
I certainly think one would call her insane,
If one only had seen the size of her grins.

And since I've the priv'lege of calling her names,
Even straight to her face—by permission she's
given—
I would style her a *goose,* if she hadn't have striven
With all of her might to capture both games.

And another thing which I would certainly call her,
If she were a member of Holderness School,
Would be to regard her no end of a *fool,*
If she didn't *checkmate* all the *men* that befall her.

She's the fairest chess-player that ever was seen,
A woman the sweetest this country has known,
O, happy the man that shall call her his own;
Look into her eyes and say—"Thou art my queen."

THOUGHTS CANNOT BE BLOTTED

"BLOT out your thoughts,"—how could I thus
Do violence to my mind?
Can one control the fleecy clouds,
Upborne upon the wind,
That sweep across the firmament
And leave no trace behind?

No more can one his thoughts control,
When wafted thro' the air
Upon the wings of memory,
Which heeds nor joy nor care.
They will fly forth, they will return,
Like birds, aye, like a prayer.

So do not ask an old time friend
To blot his thoughts of thee,
Or even to erase new thoughts
Of "burnt-work" on a tree;
For they must e'er be free to roam
The halls of memory.

The blotter is a dainty thing,
And nothing could be meaner,
Or leave a mark upon my soul
By way of insult keener,
Than to put unto its proper use
The gift of sweet Christina.

But if I should be "burnt" myself
For doing things not right,
And sizzle thro' eternity
In flames of brimstone bright,
I'd have to say, in solemn truth
Your bark is worse than your bite.

THE FLEA AND THE FLY

Alliterative

A FLEA and a fly were enclosed in a flue,
And each was remarking: "Oh, what shall I do?"
"Let us fly," said the flea. "Let us flee," said the fly;
So upward they flew to the open sky.

But when they had come to the upper air,
It was cold for their little footies there;
The wintry sky was full of snow,
So off they flow on a floating floe.

But when Spring came and the air was mild,
The flea and the fly were reconciled;
The fly wanted milk and the flea wanted blood,
So the flea flayed the fly and the fly fled the flood.

O FIDDLE DEE DEE

THERE was once a divine known as Oliver Fiddle,
Who refused to accept of a doctor's degree;
And when asked to explain such a wonderful riddle,
Said, "I'll not be addressed as 'O Fiddle, D.D.'"

BORROWED LENSES

ONCE I had an inclination
To know the power that lies
In looking through the lenses
Of other people's eyes.

So with great anticipation
I had the lens adjusted,
When I saw—oh, horrid vision!
Had, or had they not been dusted?

From the sight so unexpected
I started back affrighted,
And my few and scattered senses
Have never since been righted.

What before I'd thought a virtue
Was a short remove from sin,
While the veil that hid my failings
Grew wonderfully thin.

With a kind of fascination,
I looked once, then looked again,
And saw myself as I am seen
Through the eyes of other men.

'Twas with feelings quite peculiar
That I doffed the borrowed lenses,
Seeing my most righteous deeds
Were unjustified offences.

Then a sudden thought brought comfort,
Satisfaction, you will see.
"Why, I look the same to others,
As others look to me."

A BARROW

ONCE a cleric stole a barrow
Like a big old-fashioned harrow,
And a lady sat upon it,—
On the barrow, not the harrow,
Nothing loath.

As it was quite torrid,
She said, "Oh, this is horrid!
Please to *wheel* me now upon it."
"Which? the harrow, or the barrow?"
He gently quoth.

"Oh, the difference pray don't mention,
For I have no clear intention."
And so thinking it beneath her,
She exclaimed,—I will take ether (either)
And depart.

Then they journeyed forth together
In the hot and sticky weather;
But he wheeled her *on his marrow,*
Not the barrow, or the harrow,
From the start.

THE SKATER

O HERE'S to the lady who went on the river
To skate on the ice that was thin!
She skipped and she tumbled, but praise be! she niver,
O no, sir, she niver fell in.

For she was so buoyant, so blithesome and airy,
Ethereal, sprightly and gay,
That though the ice crackled, she rose like a fairy,
With naught but a bump for to pay.

And even the bump caused her no inconvenience,
She was so pneumatic and light,
So she rubbed but a moment the part that had seen dents,
And then skimmed away in her flight.

EXCELSIOR OR SOAR

"EXCELSIOR, a motto wise
For every boy and girl
To set before their youthful eyes,
And with their flag unfurl."

Thus spake a comely, goodly youth
Unto his father old.
"Aye, sonnie, you have found the truth
That all wise men have told."

"Yes, father, we must daily soar,
If we would reach the height
Attained by men who've gone before
And left to us their light."

The father raised a straight birch rod,
Concealed behind his back,
And smote the youth's fat buttocks broad
A most terrific whack.

"O father, prithee, wherefore this?"
The youth cried o'er and o'er.
"Why, that, my boy, you'll scarcely miss
That that's to make you *sore.*"

DOING

"My son, it boots not what you feel,
Nor little what you think,
'Tis *doing* that brings woe or weal
When standing on the brink."

"All right, dear father, I will do
The best that in me lies,
That I be not forgot by you
When journeying thro' the skies."

Forthwith he lit a piece of fuse
Under his father's chair;
It burst between the old man's shoes
And whirled him through the air.

"Come here, you wretch," the father cried,
As soon as he alighted,
"I'll dust your jacket, 's if you'd lied,
Till you are quite affrighted."

"O, no, dear father," quoth the son,
"You bade me always do.
I'm not to blame for what I've done;
I's only *doing* you."

I'M A BORE

BILLY found his board bill
On the bill board of the mill;
Billy, boarding with a Boer,
Boarded up the Boer's door.

Since the bill was just and true,
Billy cried, "What shall I do?"
Presently a tusked boar
Bored through the board door.

Soon as he espied the bill,
(Billy hadn't paid a mill)
Down he charged upon the Boer,
And the Boer charged no more.

SMOKING OR FUMING, WHICH?

"HORATIO JONES, why will you smoke?"
A cross-grained wife kept saying.
"It makes me sneeze and cough and choke,
Like some poor donkey braying."

"My dear, a bargain I will make,
The weed to cease consuming.
If you, for tender pity's sake,
Will only stop your *fuming.*"

A GIFT

A GROCER'S sure to come to want,
Before his hair turns gray,
For all his goods, whate'er the amount,
He always gives a *weigh.*

A RAILROAD THOUGHT

or

A THOUGHT OF RAILLERY

One hears,—yes, surely one believes,
From certain widespread rumors,
That this year's mutton-legged sleeves
Are only last year's bloomers.

APPLES IN HISTORY

OLD ADAM ate an apple raw,
  And brought about the Fall—
Expulsion swift from Eden fair,
  Grim toil, and death for all.

And of the seven labors which
  By Hercules were wrought,
Hesperidean apples three
  Most fame and honor brought.

The greatest shots in history
  Were when brave William Tell
On his son's head the apple cleft,
  When tyrant Gessler fell.

And then old Isaac Newton, too,
  Once saw an apple fall:
The law of gravitation thus
  Became quite plain to all.

Yes, apples are responsible
  For man's unceasing strife,
For Adam ate the apple, *but*
  He blamed it on his wife.

SHIPS THAT PASS IN THE NIGHT

Of all the "ships that pass in the night,"
With varying winds, on different tacks,
Those needing no pilot or beacon light
Are those that go by the name of—"smacks."

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